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VOL. XII. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894

CORNSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired Since our Last Issue—Other Matters Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Three hundred clerks were discharged from the Record and Pension Division of the War Department.

Miss Mario J. Astwood, daughter of Hon. H. C. C. Astwood, is in the city and stopping with her father at 1160 20th st. N. W. Miss Astwood is a refined young lady.

Mr. Ella V. Chase-Williams, of Abbeville, S. C., is quite sick.

Recorder C. H. J. Taylor met Col. W. B. Webb Thursday morning, and had a pleasant chat.

The penitentiary convict says that he will have the editor disbarred.

Mrs. E. M. Black who was assaulted by officer King is ill in bed from the effects of the assault.

There are some Negro attorneys around the police court who are endeavoring to cut each others throats.

Some Negro attorneys are too jealous of each other.

Geo. Martin has been appointed janitor of the Banaker School by trustee L. A. Cornish. No better appointment could have been made.

Mr. James A. Ross is in Illinois. He will return to the city in three weeks.

Recorder C. H. J. Taylor will not make any changes in his office for ten days.

Ex-Recorder B. K. Bruce will spend the summer with his family in the east.

Public Printer Benedict has reappointed several of the old employees.

H. C. Smith, of Charlotte, N. C., has returned to his home.

Magnus L. Robinson will publish his paper in this city.

Rev. R. C. O. Benjamin has resigned the pastorate of Mt. Pisgah Church.

Senator Chandler will be reelected.

Mr. James H. Smith is doing a big law business.

Lawyer John A. Moss is one of the most practical and business like attorneys at the bar.

KING ASSAULTS A COLORED LADY.

Charles H. King, a member of the police force in the Third precinct, has added another event to his record.

This time his victim is widow Black, 1412 Seventeenth street nw., one of the best known citizens of Washington.

On Tuesday afternoon King went to the residence of Mrs. Black to arrest a boy who is employed by her as a waiter. Without stating his business, he pushed by Mrs. Jackson, daughter of Mrs. Black, and made for the boy.

Mrs. Black was standing by the dinner table at the time; the officer knocked her down and walked upon her, from which she is suffering intense pain.

Dr. Francis was called in and rendered all the medical aid he could. Mrs. Black is still in bed unable to move

The case was called in the police court on Thursday, but Mrs. Black was unable to appear; thereon the district attorney postponed the case until Mrs. Black is able to appear.

King has a bad record as an officer, having been once dismissed from the force, and was also fined for brutal assault upon a citizen. It is about time now that King is called to a halt.

THE FREEDMEN'S HOSPITAL.

The Surgeon-in-Charge of the Freedmen's Hospital has issued a circular calling attention to the establishment of a training school for nurses

The course of training includes many things that will be beneficial to the nurses who are fortunate enough to embrace these inducements.

THIS WEEK'S NEWS.

A Summary of Current Events—The World's Doings for the Past Six Days Gathered and Condensed for Our Readers.

General.

Dr. Fred. A. Cook proposes to try to reach the South Pole next year.

The New Jersey bridge bill has been passed by both houses of Congress.

Edward S. Stokes has been appointed receiver of the Hoffman House, New York.

Ex-President Harrison is the guest of John Wanamaker in Philadelphia this week.

Rear-Admiral Benham goes to Rio to relieve Capt. Picking, in the cruiser San Francisco.

Sixty of the American sailors who went to Brazil on the Nichteroy have sailed for New York.

Ten thousand dollars in gold was stolen from the cellar of David Stout, near Houghville, Ind.

Juror Low, in the Meyer murder trial in New York, went insane, and the case was adjourned for ten days.

The President has refused dmiral Da Gama's demand for recognition of the Brazilian insurgents as belligerents.

Mrs. Monasterio, widow of one of the lynched Italians in New Orleans, has recovered $2,500 damages from the city.

The celebrated Davis will case at Chicago, involving the disposal of $11,000,000, has been compromised by the heirs.

Governor Waite, in addressing Colorado business men, says he is in favor of fighting for free coinage "until hell freezes over."

The Board of Health of New York city has issued a peremptory order to the Steam Heating Company to cease burning soft coal.

A careful estimate made by the Board of Health of New York places the number of the unemployed in that city at present at 77,000.

More, the Socialist who shot at Deputy Lockroy last summer, has been condemned to six years' penal servitude and ten years' exile from Paris.

The evidence of nearly all the experts in the Prendergast case at Chicago goes to show that Mayor Harrison's slayer is an irresponsible lunatic.

Dr. Parkhurst has been notified to produce witnesses before the Extraordinary Grand Jury in support of his charges against certain police captains in New York.

Lord Dunraven, the owner of the Valkyrie, will come over here to see the trial races of the American yachts, and to get a line on their speed.

It is said that fully 25,000 whites have settled on the Cherokee strip and threaten to make trouble if the government attempts to eject them.

The State of Virginia has issued the new bonds under the Debt Settlement act, and the old bonds to the amount of $16,259,860 have been cancelled.

The Gerry Society in New York has been deprived of the power of committing children to charitable institutions, and must apply to police justices.

THE HOLMES HOUSE.

The house formerly kept by Mr. J. O. Holmes, No. 333 Virginia avenue sw., is now being conducted by Mr William Barbour, who is the sole proprietor. This is one of the oldest and best known houses in South Washington, and no doubt under the new management it will do as well as it did under Mr. Holmes. The BEE will say more about this house next week.

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KNOWS HOW TO TREAT
people; he is the most polite man in business I ever saw, he knows how to handle men. I think the people in Washington are missing a treat by not patronizing this young man. I have entered many barber shops but I have not seen any to excell 906 and 1609 11th St. N. W.
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$3000 ... Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. ... I desire but one worker from each district or county. ... and $691.13. Full particulars FREE. Address at once E. C. ALLEN, Box 420 Augusta, Maine

Needing a tonic, or thinking you want built up in any way should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

THEY SAY.



Don't get frightened when you hear dogs bark

All dogs bark when they hear a noise.

Ministers who protect thieves should be removed from the pulpit.

Honest and pure men should be mini ters of churches.

Don't believe all you hear.

Thieves will do you harm.

Your friends will protect you when you are in trouble.

Don't be alarmed when you hear the wind blow.

The wind does harm sometimes.

Why should an ignoramus remain in the pulpit?

The pulpit is not the place for dishonest men.

All that glitters is not gold.

It is'nt necessary for a man to hold a diploma to make him a lawyer.

Many a man who holds a diploma is serving a term in Albany penitentiary.

The penitentiary convict who served a term in Albany should publish the name of the person to whom he refers

When thieves fall out honest men will get their dues.

Mr. Benedict will appoint good honest people,

Let us have peace.

Some Negro attorneys are like thieves

Be up and doing is the watch word of the hour.

Trust not your enemies and watch your friends.

What can you expect when you lie down with dogs.

Strike boy when you are struck.

Great men do great acts.

A mean man will do mean things.

When a man grins in your face, watch him.

It is the treacherous man you must watch.

Let us be true to the race.

A man who is false to himself is untrue to everydody.

Terry has been removed from the force.

King should follow close behind.

It is about time that King was removed from the force.

He assaults people with impunity.

The excursion which was given by the Capital City Guards, under the management of Capt. Wm. Joice, on Decoration Day, May 30, to Notley Hall, was a grand success. The best of order was obtained, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. The excursion being such a success, it will be repeated July 4th.

Sporting News.

Uncle Bob Brown's colt is among the finest in the city.

Eugene DeMontreville, one of the most promising ball players, will play professionally hereafter.

Members of the atheletic club are entaining friends in style at the new club house.

Articles were signed for a sparring contest between Young Savi of this city, and Tommy Kelly of Wilmington. The bout will take place privately on the evening of June 4, in ten rounds or more.

Joe Bateman and Tony Standard met last week to arrange for the Glynn-Bateman fight.

The John Hopkins team was defeated at Kendall Green last week by the Kendalls.

Subscribe to the BEE.

THE VERDICT!!
Do You Wear Shoes?
If so, do they fit you? Do they wear well? Do they satisfy you? If not, come and talk with us. We can please you on prices fit, comfort and wear.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING LIST:
Childs' Dongola hand sewed spring heel shoes, 5 to 8, at 49c.
Childs' Red and Gray Slippers, worth $1. 50 at 75c.
Misses Red, Tan, and Gray Slippers, $1.75 value, at $1.00.
Ladies White Kid Slippers in all styles, $1 50 value, at $1 00
Ladies' Fine hand-sewed Black and Tan low shoes, in all styles $1.25.
Boys' and youths' solid leather shoes, $1.50 value, at 98c
Boys' and Youths' Tan Shoes, latest spring styles, $2.00 at $1 50
Men's Russia, hand-sewed, in all styles, $2. 49.
Men's Black and Tan low shoes, $1 98.
The above list is only a few of the many bargains we are offering.
Our line of Fine Men and Women Shoes, ranging in price from $3 to $5 are as equally cheap according to quality as the ones enumerated.
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HENRY E. BAKER, Secretary.

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AND PHOSPHATES OF
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A $20 A Day Man!

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.
William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business gives up grand profits. Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. 37 Read—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale 125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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HARD UP.

The Petersburg Herald must be hard up for a correspondent that it cannot secure the services of none other than a penitentiary convict and a man who has been convicted and fined in the police court for abducting his alleged illegitimate girl child. The able editor of the Indianapolis World is also imposed upon by this convict and abductor.

THE NEGRO AS A FACTOR.

There is too much jealousy and prejudice among certain Negroes of the race that is an impediment to the race's advancement. The masses expect better things from their representatives than what is daily developed.

It will be some time before the Negro will be a factor in the body politic. He seeks to destroy the usefulness of one another rather than advance his own interest or that of the race.

CURBSTONE LAWYERS.

There are some Negro attorneys around the Police Court who are known as curbstone lawyers. So objectionable have these attorneys been, Judge Kimball is disposing of the vagrancy charge against Isiah Lewis, otherwise charged with being a capper, says that he sees for himself certain attorneys standing in front of the court. No doubt he is referring to those who have their office in the front room of their homes, or those who live by capping for other lawyers.

A Negro attorney who had occasion to address Judge Kimball a few days ago, (referring to a man who had no diploma) was himself incompetent to draw up a bill, and had to associate one of his former law teachers with him who drew up the bill.

This is one of the fools who has a diploma.

THE INSULT.

The Editor of this paper never did and never shall permit himself to be insulted by any blackguard without resenting it. Men who have the reputation of testifying to the good character and high standing of criminals should not be treated with any consideration. The officers of the police force know this, although some branches of the court may be ignorant of the fact.

The mission of public journals is to condemn fraud and expose to the public eye the rascality that some men practice. This the BEE will do, injure whom it may.

The colored citizens of Washington shall not be held responsible for the notorious acts committed by others.

People who are charged with crime, and whose record is that of a crap shooter and thief should not be indorsed by the pulpit.

The pulpit has a mission to fill, so has a public journal, and when either or both endeavor to hide immorality the public should condemn them.

OFFICER KING.

The BEE desires to call the attention of the District Commissioners to officer Charles H. King, who a few days ago committed an assault on one of the best known colored ladies in this city.

The assault was uncalled for no can King say it was an accident. The evidence shows that he deliberately knocked Mrs. Black and her daughter down without any cause whatever. King is the man who was reappointed on the force by ex Commissioner Parker, whom the colored people have little confidence in, so far as they are concerned.

We want to know whether an officer is to be allowed to assault people with impunity and without a just cause?

Mr. Black is an old lady about sixty years old, and no doubt will be affected from the result of this assault for some time.

No man has a right to strike a woman, and especially a man who has been clothed with an official authority.

WELL PREPARED.

How Some Marriage Ceremonies Were Performed.

A minister's wife, who is not so seriously minded at all times as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which he performed while they were living in a newly settled district in the backwoods of Canada.

The minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared," she said, innocently; "well, if I ain't prepared, I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand-new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons, and a good six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in this county ever was!"

Even With the Conductor.

A young man wearing a red necktie and a new spring suit boarded a yellow car at the post office last evening. He slid gracefully into a seat and had just buried his face in a paper when the conductor touched him on the shoulder and held out his hand for the fare.

The young man fumbled through his pockets while the conductor still held out his hand expectantly. As he turned his last pocket inside out he turned red as he remarked:

"I will have to walk, I guess; I can't find any money."

"Never mind," said a small man with a ragged beard and rusty hat, "here's a nickel."

The conductor took the money, rang his bell and went out on the platform.

"It was very kind of you, I am sure," said the young man. "Where can I find you to-morrow to repay your kindness?"

"You needn't mind bothering about that," said the little man. "I was actuated by a selfish motive."

"A selfish motive? What was it pray?"

"I wanted revenge upon the conductor. That nickel was a lead nickel. When he turns in his cash at the end of the run it will be detected and he will have to make it good. He lives next door to me and kicked my dog last week."—Kansas City Times.

Mixed Up the Two Websters.

During Daniel Webster's visit to England he was taken one day to see Lord Brougham. That eminent jurist, however, received him with such coolness that Mr. Webster was glad to get away, and took his leave at the first opportunity. The friend saw him to his rooms and then returned to Lord Brougham, and in some anger said:

"My lord, how could you behave with such unseemly rudeness and discourtesy to so great a lawyer and statesman? It was insulting to him, and has filled me with mortification."

"Why, what on earth have I done, and whom have I been rude to?" asked his lordship.

"To Daniel Webster, of the Senate of the United States."

"Great Jupiter, what a blunder!" exclaimed Lord Brougham, realizing the mistake he had made. "I thought it was that fellow Webster who made a dictionary and nearly ruined the English language."

Then, it is said, the great chancellor sought out Mr. Webster, explained and excused his conduct, which the latter generously accepted, and, it is added, having other tastes in common besides law and politics, they made a royal night of it. All of which is probably true enough to found a story on.

He'd Have the Best.

Going back to Washington from witnessing the test of the thirteen-inch gun, Jerry Simpson was asked what he thought of the day's proceedings. After denouncing war as unnecessary, and a navy as useless, Mr. Simpson said that his opinion of the thirteen-inch gun could best be illustrated by a little story. "A staid New England Quaker," he said, "who was strenuously opposed to the use of an organ in church, at last found that he could not prevent his people from getting one, and so was induced to go and hear one played. He finally asquiesced about as follows: 'Well, if thee insists on praising God by a machine, I suppose it's best to have a good one.' And that," added Mr. Simpson, "is about my idea concerning the thirteen-inch gun."

Interstate Commerce.

The traffic on the waterways of the United States is enormous. On the Great Lakes there is a fleet of 3,700 steam and sailing vessels, with a net registered tonnage of 1,250,000 tons. On the 16,000 miles of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, there were afloat in 1890, 7,445 crafts of all kinds, with a registered tonnage of 3,400,000 tons. During the year this fleet carried 30,000,000 tons of freight and 11,000,000 passengers. The Hudson river had in the same year 5,000,000 passengers and 15,000,000 tons of freight, exclusive of 3,500,000 tons that passed from the State canals of New York by way of the Hudson river to tide water.

To Keep Vegetables Fresh.

All vegetables when cut may be kept fresh by putting the stalks into water. Servants generally insist on immersing them, which favors decomposition. Carrots, turnips and the like, if placed in layers in a box of sand, will keep for many weeks. Clean, new-laid eggs will keep quite fresh for months if buried in dry salt, well closed. Boiled potatoes ought to be laid out on a plate and are then as good for frying or mashing as if they were freshly cooked.

Jugglery.

Miss Dymple—What in the world makes you so still?

Follibud—I have something on my mind.

Miss Dymple (wonderingly)—How in the world do you ever manage to balance it?—Somerville Journal.

RAVENS BUT NOT HAWKES.

A Good Story of a Noted North Carolina Divine.

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Episcopal church, New York. Short, thick-set, swarthy, black-eyed, and black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have otherwise been tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon him, and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation, and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has received $2,500, but on account of your standing we have decided to offer you $3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get $15,000 and this parsonage; and as I have an expensive family, I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made another essay.

"If we had known that fact, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done, and as for providing for your family, you know the story of Elijah and the ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman, quizzingly, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was twenty-eight. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over a hundred times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference to the Lord's providing for young Hawkes."

The Gray Wolf of America.

Of the very few instances of the Gray Wolf attacking man, one is related by John Fannin in the ever interesting columns of Forest and Stream, of a Mr. King, who was a timber-hunter in British Columbia. Once, when traveling quite alone through an immense forest, searching for the best timber, and camping wherever night overtook him, Mr. King suddenly found himself surrounded by a pack of between forty and fifty Gray Wolves. They thought they "had him foul," and would lunch at his expense; but they made one slight mistake. Instead of being armed only with an axe, as they supposed, he had a good repeating rifle, and plenty of cartridges.

"Well," said Mr. King, "the fight, if it could be called one, lasted about half an hour. Then a few of them broke away into the timber and commenced howling, which had the effect of drawing the rest after them, when the whole band started away on the full jump, howling as they went. I found sixteen of their number dead, and probably not a few were wounded."

As a rule the Gray Wolf soon disappears from settled regions. In the United States there is probably not one wolf to-day, where twenty years ago there were fifty. The killing of the ranchmen's cattle, colts, and sheep was not to be tolerated, and a bounty was put on the Gray Wolf's head, with fatal effect. More deadly than the steel trap or the Winchester, the strychnine bottle was universally brought to bear upon his most vulnerable point—his ravenous appetite. Even during the last days of the buffalo in Montana, the hunters poisoned wolves by hundreds for their pelts, which were worth from three to five dollars each. Now it is a very difficult matter to find a Gray Wolf, even in the wild West, and in Montana and Wyoming they are almost as scarce as bears.—St. Nicholas.

Vestibule Cars.

People unaccustomed to traveling probably imagine that the vestibule car, which now occupies so prominent a place in railway advertisements, is a particularly modern invention; as a matter of fact it is not, and the wonder is that the railroads were so long in adopting it. The first vestibule car was used on the Naugatuck railroad in 1853, and about ninety patents have been taken out since that time in this country and twenty in foreign countries. It was formerly attached only to parlor and sleeping cars, but the service is now common on ordinary trains, and it is the most complete appliance of modern times for protection and comfort. It is a preventive against telescoping; it assists in ventilation; it is a means of steadying the vibratory motion of trains; it is a protection in passing to and fro between cars. It is a missing link supplied; it minimizes the atmospheric resistance to the running of the trains, and in the provision of increased buffer resistance gives protection to the engine men against cars piling up over the tender and engine in collision, as some roads are placing vestibule attachments to the tenders. All signs point to a universal use in the near future.

The Staffordshire Beerometer.

In a local collection of pottery there is a large mug, dating from the last century, called the "Staffordshire Beerometer," upon which is a representation of a tube of mercury, with the following degrees of intoxication and sobriety against it:

50 Drunk as a Lord.
45 Drunk.
40 Disguised in Liquor.
35 As sober as a man ought to be; knows what he is about.
30 Drunk without but sober within.
25 Fresh; worse for Liquor.
20 Market Fresh; had had a drop.
15 Consarned in Liquor; had had a drink.
10 Sober as a Judge.
5 Sober as I am now; had had 5 quarts among 3 of us.
0 Sober.
5 Had nothing since Breakfast.
10 Had nothing to-day.

The "Beerometer" does not exhaust the various states; a teetotaller might continue the descending scale with advantage, while there are few policemen who could not supply higher degrees than "50."—Brighton (England) Herald.

Love without limit is simply emotional jim-jams.

ONE EGG FOR TEN.

The Allowance at a California Oystrich Farm.

One egg for ten guests is the allowance at a California ostrich farm, as I found when I visited one.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said our host, counting the guest he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he wended his way to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could be no longer restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the table.

But apart from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked, like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! And it takes twenty-eight hens' eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked.

It was evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good.

Solomon and His Family.

Solomon was a large white rat, who lived in an artist's studio in New York. He received his name because of his wisdom and his solemn face.

Solomon was as trustworthy as a dog. He refrained from nibbling the curtains and rich stuffs that were scattered about the studio, and was most particular not to take cheese or rich cake up on the sofa, where he was allowed to play and sleep when his paws were clean.

Now it so happened that a friend of Solomon's mistress had some rats, a father and mother and seven children. One night a stray cat found her way to their cage and ate up the old rats.

Solomon's mistress agreed to adopt them, and the cage was taken into her rooms.

Solomon stared and then went cautiously up to the newcomers. He soon showed signs of joy at their arrival, and immediately took the little rats under his protection. He called them to him and coaxed them to snuggle down by his side, as their mother would have done.

When they were allowed to run about he watched them and taught them where they might go and where they were not to go, running after any wild youngster who strayed behind screens or meddled with what he ought not to touch.

Only one of the seven orphans turned out a genius, but all of them became respectable rats, and a great credit to Solomon.

The genius of the family one day came upon a guitar lying on the sofa, and, running up to it, made the strings sound. The music pleased him so much that after his discovery he frequently went in search of the instrument and scampered back and forth over the strings to his own great delight and to the amusement of all who saw him.

Irving Likes America.

A gentleman who is an intimate friend of Henry Irving, says that the English actor has seriously considered making New York his permanent home, and that when he sailed for England it was with the half-expressed intention of returning in the spring of 1895 and remaining here.

"Mr. Irving had a strong prejudice against America ten years ago," said his friend, "but his feelings changed and he became a great admirer of American methods and institutions. His western trip amazed him. He had no idea of the immensity of the country or of its varied features.

"He was especially pleased with Colorado and bought some land there. Mr. Irving likes New York better than any other American city he has visited. So strong was his desire to stay here he inspected a dwelling on Fifty-eighth street with a view to buying it. He might have remained if his professional engagements as well as some private business did not demand his presence in London. I think I am safe in predicting that Henry Irving will sign himself a New Yorker before the beginning of the year 1896."—New York Mail and Express.

How to Preserve Feathers.

The disposal and management of the feathers is a thing that calls for attention. As soon as a fowl is killed, and while yet warm, let it be carefully plucked. Separate the large wing-feathers; put the others into small paper bags previously prepared. Put these bags into an oven and let them remain about half an hour; take them out, repeat the process two or three times, then keep the feathers in a dry place till required. The oven must not be too hot. Care must be taken to free the feathers of any skin or flesh that may adhere to them while being plucked, or they will be tainted. The hard quilly portion of the larger feathers must be cut off with a pair of scissors. The wing and tail feathers may be stripped and added to the others. Previous to putting them in the oven, some recommend that the feathers should be put loosely into a dry tub or basket and shaken up daily, so that all may in turn be exposed to the air. Others recommend, as an easier plan, merely to suspend the bag from the ceiling of a warm kitchen, or on the wall behind a fire-place, where it is practicable. In this case they will take longer to dry. Feathers can be quickly and effectually dried and cleaned by the agency of steam; but it is rather an expensive method, and the thrifty housewife will doubtless prefer having the produce of her own yard prepared under her own eye and by her own direction.

'Round Too Much.

Pale with suppressed indignation, Algernon McStab uncrossed his legs, rose stiffly and turned up his coat collar.

"Glycerine McCurdy," he howled, "you have seen fit to sneer at me. You have accused me of having a wheel in my head. If I have, false beauty, it is at least a wheel that has run true to you."

"Ah, yes," replied the young woman, with a pensive, far-away look in her soulful eyes, "and yet I hardly want you for a hub, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSE MOVING.

Some of the Curiosities Connected With It.

"The moving of houses, either of brick, stone or wood, for long distances is a very simple matter nowadays," said Judge Robert Campbell, of St. Louis. "While at Wichita, recently, one of the citizens told me, 'We are improving very fast; houses are being moved into the city every day.' He referred to the fact that during the mad and frenzied days of the Wichita boom streets with granitoid walks were run away out into the cornfields of the prairie, and handsome villas were built several miles from town by the suddenly enriched populace, who imagined that their suburban sites would in a few years be centrally located. The boom collapsed, Wichita lots again became farms, and these suburban villas bought for a song are now being hauled into town, to its vast improvement.

"The most remarkable case of house moving I ever heard of was at Nauvoo, Ill. When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri by an armed force they built the town of Nauvoo on the banks of the Mississippi. Here they erected their temple and constructed a thriving town. Then the Illinois people arose, burned the temple, murdered the prophet, Joseph Smith, and the entire community fled to Utah. Mennonites from Russia came along and bought the land. They had no use for the 350 buildings in the town. They wanted the land to plant vineyards upon. They sold the houses to a Missourian by the name of Boyd for a trifle. The next winter he began to put rollers under the houses, slid them down the banks to the frozen river, and then slid and rolled and pushed them six miles up the river, and founded the town of Fort Madison, Io.; all except about forty of the houses which are to-day on the left bank of the river, opposite the site of the extinct town of Nauvoo."

Matthew Arnold's Democracy.

During Matthew Arnold's visits to this country, there were few things in which he manifested so eager an interest as in the conversation of our laboring men as overheard by him from time to time. Frequently he repeated to me sentences which had reached him in the street, upon the trains, or at railway stations, asking, "Is not such intelligence uncommon amongst your working people?" Upon my reply in the negative, he would say, "It is surprising; you would not meet with it in England." A democrat by conviction rather than by temperament, urging democracy as "the only method consistent with the human instinct toward expansion, "he was yet an educator, and believed in equality upon a high, not upon a low, plane. Like Ruskin, he demanded of men their best, and with less than their best refused to be satisfied."—Florence Earle Coates in the Century.

Willing to Fight For It.

An English journal tells a good story at the expense of the Earl of Derby. While walking on land belonging to the earl a collier chanced to meet the owner. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I got no land mysel'," was the reply, "and I'm like to wake on somebody's. Where did tha' get it fro?" "Oh," explained his lardship, "I got it from my ancestor." "An' wheer did they get it fro'?" inquired the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did their ancestors get it fro'?" "They fought for it." "Well, bedad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll feight thee for it!"

Wild Rice.

It has been suggested by some students of food products that the wild rice of the Northern Lakes might be profitably cultivated for food. It has a good grain, but it falls very easily when ripe, and is thus lost. The Indians, however, ate it, and a book on Indian manners and customs contains a plate representing a party of Sioux gathering wild rice from bark canoes. One woman paddles the canoe while another knocks the rice from its hold with a stick.

Fifty Dollar Coins.

Fifty-dollar gold pieces were never coined by the United States government; there were, however, private issues of octagonal gold coins of this value in California in 1851, 1852, 1853 and 1855. In 1851-55, also, round fifty-dollar pieces were issued in California. They received their full value when deposited at the United States assay offices. By the now existing laws of this country there can be no revival of private coinages bearing such close resemblance to authorized mint issues.

It Looks Like a "Sure Thing."

The chances that an accident insurance company takes when it sells a policy good for twenty-four hours to a casual traveler may be estimated when it is known that the interstate commerce commission has figured out that one person is killed by railroad accidents in this country for every 1,500,000 people who ride twenty-four miles. Selling accident policies on these figures looks like a "sure thing" for the accident companies.—Albany Express.

Born to be a Lawyer.

Teacher (pointing to caricature of himself on blackboard)—Hollerback, you are the best of my pupils. Say, who drew that horrid face on the board?

Scholar—Please, sir, my sense of honor forbids my acting the part of informer unless you assure the perpetrator immunity from punishment.

"Ah, well, for your sake we will let it pass this time. Now, who was it?"

"I did it myself."

Advantage of Matrimony.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a penny.

"Well! well! If you knew the thing was going wrong, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks. Then she went shopping."—Tit-Bits.

Well Occupied.

Ellerton—I should like to know where the bright girls of the past are?

Bronson—I should say that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.—Town Topics.

RAILROAD.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R.

Schedule in effect May 20th, 1894.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey Avenue and C street.

For Chicago and the North-west Vestibuled Limited express trains 11:15 a. m., 8:00, p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 8:35, p. m. express 12:10 night.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland express daily 11:15 a. m. and 8.35 p. m.

For Lexington and Staunton, 11:15 a. m.

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For Luray, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Memphis and New Orleans 12:05 night, daily; Sleeping Cars through.

For Luray 3:30 p. m. daily

For Baltimore weeks days x4:20, 5:00, 6:35 x7.10, x7.30, (8:00, 45-minutes) 8.30, x9.30, (10 00 45-minutes), a. m, x12 00, x12.05, 12.15 x2.20, (3 00 45-minutes), 3 25, x4.38, 4.37, x5.05 x5.10, x5.35, 5.55, x6.20, 6.37, x8.00, 8 15, x9.00 x11.30, and 11.35 p. m. Sundays, x4 20, x7.30, (8.00 45-minutes), 8.50, x9 30, a. m., x12.05, x12.05, 1.0', x2 20, (3.00, 45-minutes) 3.25, 4.37, x5.05, x5.10, 6.30, x8.00, x9.00, 10:00, x11.30 11.35, p. m.

For Annapolis 7.10 and 8.30 a. m., 12 15 and 4.28 p. m. Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 4.31 p. m.

For Frederick, †11.15, a. m., 3.1 · 14 and †5.30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †11.15 a. m. and †5.30 p. m.

For Floyd and way points 9.40 p. m

For Gaithersburg and way points, 10.00, †8 00 a. m., †12.50, †3.00, †4.33 †5.35, 7.00, †11.30 p. m.

For Washington Junction and way points, 8, 0, 9 50 a. m, 1:15 p. m. Express trains stop on at principal stations only. †4.30 †5.30 p. m.

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For Philadelphia, New York Boston, and the East, daily 4.20, 8.00, (10.00, a. m. ex. Sun. Dining Car) (1.00 Dining Car) 3.00, (5.05 Dining Car), 8.00 (11.30 p. m., Sleeping Car, open at 10.00 o'clock.)

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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894

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FOR RENT.—2111 N street, N. W Three rooms furnished or unfurnished all modern improvements. Terms reasonable. Apr 21 1 m

FOR RENT:—One furnished room, for gentleman only 1013 11th st. NW.

FOR SALE—A beautiful square piano at a sacrifice. Call Tuesday at 1011 16th street N.W.

Miss Lula Love, niece of Miss A. J. Cooper, who has been quite ill is out again

Terry, the policeman who shot Willis Washington will not shoot another Negro for some time to come

Lawyer E M. Hewlett is a race man, at least Chas. B. Terry thinks so.

Colored men should be up and doing. "Merit and merit alone wins."

Miss Nina Wall is a guest of Miss Babe Jackson, on 6th street.

Rev. Alexander Willbanks is one of the best equipped evangelists in the city and a worthy acquisition to the clergy.

Rev. Dr. Geo W. Bryant, the talented orator, is a fine specimen of Negro manhood.

Miss Minnie E. Gibbons, sister of Dr. Gibbons, is quite sick at her residence, 21 Q street.

Rev. W. P Gibbons has brought from his farm two very fine colts of the Black Hawk stock, which he will drive for his private use.

Rev. John Carroll, one of the best known preachers of the M. E. Church in Maryland, died very suddenly May 28th. Dr. Carroll had been preaching the gospel for forty years, and it was less than two months ago that he retired.

THE EDITOR IN COURT.

On Tuesday morning the editor of this paper was in court on a charge of insulting W. J. Howard, pastor of Zion Baptist Church.

The circumstances are as follows: The BEE has always demanded an educated pulpit and one above suspicion, to which this man Howard has taken exceptions. The BEE has always claimed that Howard should be removed from the Baptist Association. because he is uneducated and one who is doing no good for the baptist churches.

Whenever one of his flock is arrested he always bobs up in court to testify to their character and reputation, no matter what the charge may be.

He has taken occasion to abuse colored attorneys to which this paper objected.

On Monday afternoon, while in conversation with two divines, he walked up unceremoniously and insulted the editor, which was resented in words not at all complimentary to Howard, which were not denied in court, except the editor did not use the name of the deity. The same words were uttered in court as a matter of defense.

The BEE will not uphold any member whom it believes should be in the cook shop instead of the kitchen, and so the court felt disposed to impose a fine of five dollars.

The BEE has the proud satisfaction of knowing that Howard was told what the editor thought of him.

The Zion Baptist Church will not keep Howard very long.

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Old gold and silver bought.

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HATS RENOVATED.

HE BURNED A DIAMOND.

Merely to Demonstrate That the Gem Was Inflammable.

How would you like to burn a two-carat diamond merely for the sake of demonstrating a fact in science? Prof. Henry Miles George, of London, who is visiting friends in New York, did that very thing two years ago. He talked about it as follows:

"What I did was not a new experiment," said the professor, "and was made at the request of a wealthy young countryman of mine, who believed that he was born to be a scientist. Whether he was or not is neither here nor there. His first experiment was costly.

"He wanted to satisfy himself that the diamond possessed an inflammable quality and that after being burned it left no residue. We burned the stone in my laboratory, and to the young man's complete satisfaction. After it was consumed there was absolutely no ash. The combustion was complete, and an absolute, although expensive, proof that the diamond consists of pure carbon.

"The inflammability of the diamond," continued Prof. George, "was not known till the middle of the nineteenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabouts when a four-carat stone was consumed in the flame of a blow-pipe. I think it was in Rome. The grand duke of Florence, in 1694, thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, coruscated, and disappeared. These experiments, as you will readily understand, are not made very frequently. In the interest of science they have been necessary, but, as we have a very complete record of the results in several experiments and they all agree, there is no necessity for any further expenditure of money in that particular direction. No, I don't think my young friend became a scientist. He married a music hall singer."—New York Mail and Express.

His Grounds for Postponement.

Perhaps the best specimen of wit that has enlivened a Hamilton county court in many a day was that emitted like a flash from John Coffey, the attorney, who has been guilty of a good many things that had distrubed the serenity of bench and bar. Mr. Coffey was counsel in a case which had already been postponed some two or three times at his request. It was before Judge Outcalt. Again Mr. Coffey asked for postponement. The court reminded him that it had already been postponed several times at his request. "Have you good grounds for whishing another postponement?" "Yes, sir, I have," replied Coffey. "What are they?" asked the court. "Coffey grounds, your honor." "Coffee grounds," repeated the judge. "Yes, sir," said John. Then the judge got on his dignity and reminded the lawyer that he was trifling with the court. "Your honor," said Mr. Coffey, "there was a small addition to my family last night and I submit, your honor, that that is good grounds for asking for a postponement." Did John get his postponement? Well, rather. And Judge Outcalt nearly fell from the bench. "Coffey grounds!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Perpetual Thunder and Lightning.

The phenomenon known as lightning, followed by a rolling, reverberating report, recognized as thunder, is common to a wide zone of the earth, but it is not generally known that there are localities where the vivid flashes and the deafening peals are incessant. The most notable of these continuous lightning districts is on the eastern coast of the island of San Domingo, a leading member of the group of the West Indies. It is not meant that the lightning is here continuous the year round, but that, with the commencement of the rainy season, comes this zig-zag feature of illumination, which is then continuous day and night for weeks. The storm centre is not continuously local, but shifts over a considerable area, and, as thunder is seldom heard over a greater distance than eight miles, and the lightning in the night will illuminate so as to be seen thirty miles, there may be days in some localities where the twinkle on the sky is in a continuous succession while the rolling reports are absent. Then again come days and nights when the electric artillery is piercing in its detonations; and especially is this the case when two separate local cloud centres join, as it were, in an electric duel, and, as sometimes occurs, a third participant appears to add to the elemental warfare. Then there is a blazing sky with blinding vividness and stunning peals that seem to pin the listener to the earth. Long before the echoes can die away come others, until the auricular mechanism seems hammered into chaos.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Negro's Jack.

Few white people know what a "jack" is, as understood by the negroes, and perhaps the custom of carrying a "jack" is not popular with the negroes of this section of the country; but on the south Atlantic states, it is said, you can hardly find a negro without one. A negro was found dead, hanging in the woods near Charlotte, N. C., recently, and the first question that the coroner asked was "Where is his jack?" At this question the negroes, who had congregated around, fell back as though a bomb were about to explode, and the white men present asked what it meant. "I will show you," said the physician, and feeling in the dead man's pocket he brought out a tin box. When this was opened it was found to contain a snake's head, a scorpion, a bit of iron, a rusty key, a bunch of "witch's yarn," and a package of salt. The doctor said that this was the jack; and that it was used by the negroes to "conjure" their enemies with and throw a spell over them, and that the majority of the negroes held the jack in mortal terror. To show its power, the doctor offered to give any of the negroes present a dollar to put the jack into his pocket, but none of them would touch it. He took it home and tried the negroes in the city with it. He put it in his back yard and says that it will be a better guard for his chickens and woodpile than any dog that he could get.—New Orleans Picayune.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

FASHION NOTES.

A toque of black rice straw has a bunch of buttercups in front, and in the back a big black guipure butterfly bow.

The capotes, or bonnets as we call them, are almost all in Empire style, and are so small that they may rather be called coiffures or headgears.

A little "capote," very dainty in its simplicity, has the crown covered with forget-me-nots and draped with ecru lace, which form a double bow in back and front, caught with two little paste buckles.

A little bonnet has a studded gilt crown, with plaited brim of black "crepe lisse."

Many of the open-fronted jackets turn back with broad revers, but fasten at the waist, or can be worn open if desired.

The preferred material for evening costumes seems to be the Pompadour, a light-colored silk with flowers scattered over it, the trimmings of velvet and lace.

Skirts are caught up boldly and show a great deal of the first skirt.

Louis XV. redingotes of fancy moire silks with reverses of black velvet are very chic, and are worn with light-colored skirts.

A new collar for waists is chauve soris, so called because on each shoulder it resembles greatly the outspread wings of a beetle.

Stocking for dressing occasion are of silk of the same color as the costume, or at least have some little design or flower to recall it.

Veils with large dots are worn with broad-brimmed hats, but with the tiny capotes, or bonnets. The closely small dotted veils are preferred.

Mousseline de laine is very popular for young misses and babies. It is used mostly accordeon plaited.

Barege, tussor, foulard, with tiny stripes or figures are used a great deal for the warmer days

For little boys the sailor costume is the favorite, and it comes in richer material than ever before

There is a very little plain goods seen excepting for the tailor-made costumes.

For country and sea-side wear, the goods called toile a laver, which is so light and transparent is still in vogue.

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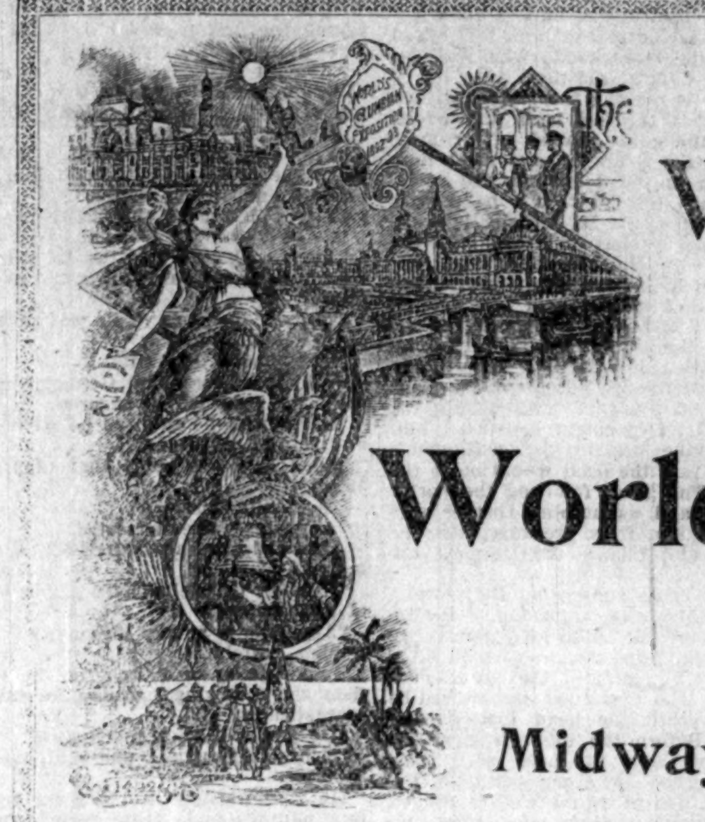
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TIME TO GO AHEAD.

Signs That Told an Observant Girl That She Was Betrothed.

They happened to meet in a State street store the other day and they had a conversation which sent one of them away with floods of light illuminating her soul. She was one of those girls who are adored by old ladies, and constantly invited to tea by them to meet bachelor sons, and who can count all the beaux they ever had on the fingers of one hand.

The other—well, she was different; she was one of those maddening creatures who are always mysteriously supplied with roses and bonbons and escorted to the theatre on first nights, in spite of the fact that all the other girls are agreed that "there is absolutely nothing in her." The latter young woman was meditating over some silks when the other greeted her.

"I suppose you are trying to decide between the old rose and the pale green," she said.

"Well, no," replied the other girl frankly. "You see, I am getting my wedding things, and I think I'll have both." Then she looked down to blush and looked up to see the effect of her words.

"Is it possible? I"——

"Yes, dear, and you can't imagine how nervous I am."

"I only hope you"——

"Will be happy? Of course I shall; why, I can always make him do just what I choose."

The other girl pursed up her lips and looked virtuous. "Oh, I shouldn't like that at all. The man I marry must be one that I can obey."

"Not at all, my dear. It is all very nice to talk that way to the men—they like it and it sounds pretty, besides doing no harm until you are really going to marry one of them, when you want your own way, just like any other sensible woman."

"Well, do tell me how he"—— began the other girl dreamily.

"Proposed? Oh, but he hasn't done it yet."

"But I thought that you"——

"Were selecting a trousseau? So I am, goosie. You see it is just this way: He will call at 8 this evening, and by 9 at latest we will be formally engaged."

"But how do you know?" helplessly asked the other girl.

"Simply by precedent. When a man asks you in an anxious tone if you think a married man ought to give up his club you may know that his intentions are serious; and when he follows it up a few days later by asking you if you don't think a man has a right to smoke all over his own house it is high time to decide whether the wedding shall be at home or in church."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, but that wasn't what convinced me."

"Oh, do tell me about it."

"No, it was simply this: I met him on the street yesterday, and he was reading a paper so intently that he didn't even see me until I spoke. Then he blushed violently and in great confusion thrust his paper into his overcoat pocket. Well, he went home with me and—now you must never tell this as long as you live."

"I never, never will."

"Well, I was so curious to see what he had been reading that confused him so, that I made an excuse to slip out into the hall where his coat was hanging and take the paper out of his pocket, and what do you think it was?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

"It was a household paper, and the article that he had been reading was one which proved conclusively that two people could live a great deal more cheaply than one. Now, do you see why I am commencing to select my trousseau?" she asked triumphantly.

"Yes, I do," meekly replied the other girl.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Dr. Hale on the Crash of 1893.

In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale's novel of "The Fortunes of Rachel" was first published. The novel runs to the end of the century, and, in the year 1900, Tom Poore, at Washington, reviews the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. He says in this review: "The shares rose again steadily for five years, when I sold again. The crash of 1893 came, and everybody supposed manufacturing was at an end. At the lowest depression I bought Stocking shares again. * * * When the company wound up two years ago (in 1898) the shares yielded $6,050, and here it is." We reprint the passage from the novel, which is not so well konwn as it should be, for the benefit of investors in "the crash of 1893."—Boston Commonwealth.

Uncle Zeb's Suspicion.

"Uncle Zeb," said the magistrate, "this is the third time you have been arrested this month."

"Yessir."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, sah, dar's a new p'leeceman on our beat."

"Has that anything to do with the case?"

"I dunno, sah; on'y it sut'ny hez seemed ter me dat may be was kinder usin' me ter practice on."

Yet He Meant Well.

The young clergyman had consented at the last moment to act as substitute for the venerable man who was accustomed to go to the bridewell Sunday morning and preach to the prisoners.

"My friends," said the embarrassed young man as he rose up and faced the assembled toughs and vagrants, "it rejoices my heart to see so many of you here this morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointing.

"Sister," said the little boy, "will you please make me a lot of biscuit like those you gave us for breakfast the other day?"

Sister was touched. They were the first cheering words Johnny had spoken to her in a long time.

"Certainly," she answered. "Are you going to have a party?"

"No; I wanted to try them in my new slungshot."—Washington Star.

Unselfish Love.

He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor.

She—You do me injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—Life.

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing With Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at the Hotel Denechaud last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked Mr. Justin Denechaud, who was behind the desk at the time.

"There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than twenty years I have slept in a bed with the head towards the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep in a bed with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed in that position," said the clerk, as he ran his eye over the list of rooms. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you," and calling the porter Mr. Denechaud instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard of him it is presumed that he retired and slept the sleep of the blessed.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Denechaud, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. You noticed that gentleman just now who demanded that his bed be changed with the head towards the north. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one. I remember an instance like this several years ago. A gentleman, slightly under the influence of liquor, came into the hotel one night and, producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with the man and they placed the bed as requested. The joke about it was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position, and it so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed directly northeast, according to the compass, was in reality so placed that the head was directly to the south. The gentleman discovered his mistake the next morning, and I presume was cured of the fad."—New Orleans Times.

The Best He Could Do.

The seedy individual, blear-eyed and unkempt, slipped into a cheap restaurant near the Michigan Central Depot the other morning and sat down at a table in the corner, where the waiter discovered him.

"How much is a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"Five cents."

"And a steak?"

"Ten cents."

"Fried eggs?"

"Five cents."

"Potatoes?"

"Five cents."

"Bread and butter?"

"Five cents."

"Do you charge anything extra for knife and fork and plate?"

"Oh, no."

Then he ran his hand down into his pocket.

"Well, bring me them," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I can't do any better this morning than go through the motions."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Sarcasm.

"John," she said after some silence.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Men say that women talk a great deal, don't they?"

"I believe they do."

"And they also think it proper to make jokes about her alleged difficulty in making up her mind."

"Yes."

"John?"

"Well, dear?"

"Are there any women in Congress?"

"No."

"And yet, just look at it."

She Tried to Help.

He (devoted but bashful)—There's been an awful lot in the papers lately about political combines and rings and such things.

She (determined to help him out)—Yes, I've noticed. Do women ever get mixed up with them?

He—Certainly not. Why do you ask that?

She (with a "now will you tumble?" emphasis)—Because I feel as if I would like to get into a ring of some kind myself.

No presents.—Buffalo Courier.

Why He Was Dropped.

Ethel—Why didn't Henrietta have anything to do with that noted young writer when he came? She said she was going to.

Maude—Yes, but during their first talk he said he had never met a pretty woman who had any brains. So Henrietta dropped him, considering it a personal insult.

Ethel (amiably)—Why, which does she think she has,

Good Advice.

"She has discarded me," wailed the young man. "I have half a notion to shoot myself."

"When you entertain such an idea as that," replied the sage, "you are underestimating your affection."

"Don't you mean overestimating?"

"Well, you may be overestimating its intensity, but not its quantity. Just you wait a while and you will find you have love enough left for half a dozen girls."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Principle.

Brown—Is Black a man of principle?

White—Decidedly. Whenever he wants any whiskey he sends Jack Todd for it. Black's principles would n't allow him to be seen in a liquor shop.—Boston Transcript.

Of Adult Size.

Tommy—Pa, why do they say that "a note matures" when it falls due.

Pa (worrying over his debts)—Because it's generally so blame big, I suppose.—Chicago Record.

Chops for One.

Johnnie (with an ax)—Papa, what is a chophouse?

Papa—It is a house where they have chops.

Johnny (plaintively)—Is it anything like a woodshed, papa?

HE HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Though He was Father of the Baby, He Did Not Count.

The father thought he should have something to say in regard to the name the child should bear, and when his wife proposed George Augustus he accepted the first part, but rejected the last—that is, tried to reject it.

"Make it George William," he said. "William is a better name than Augustus, and then it will please Uncle Bill."

"Yes, and every one will call him Bill," she protested. "I don't like the name. Augustus is better."

"You won't make the change?"

"I don't see why I should."

"Very well," he said, as he started for his hat and coat; "I'm going to the office."

The next morning, as he was putting on his coat, he asked:

"How about that name?"

"Why, we'll call him George Augustus," she returned in surprise.

"Good-day," he said, as he went out and slammed the door.

When he came home that night he asked:

"Is it still Gussie?"

"Augustus," she corrected.

After supper he remarked, sneeringly:

"Gussie! Gussie! That's a nice kind of a name, isn't it?"

"Augustus is a very nice name," she replied, calmly.

Before going to church for the baptism the following morning he asked, sarcastically:

"Do you still stick to Gussie?"

"George Augustus," she said, sweetly.

He shut himself in his room for a few minutes and wrote plainly on a sheet of paper, "George William." Then he put it and a $10 bill in an envelope and joined the baptismal party. Once at the church he slipped off to one side and handed the clergyman an envelope.

"Thank you for the fee," said the latter, "but I already have the name. Your wife gave it to me."

"I thought you might make a mistake in it," suggested the father.

"Oh, no. It is written very plainly 'George Augustus.'"

The father sighed and gave up the struggle, but he is getting his revenge now by informing admiring friends in his wife's presence that the baby's name is "Gussie."

No Room to Explain.

The tramp with a new gag approached the man with money in his pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahmemosic something to-day?"

"Who's Mahmemosic?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled.

"It's Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-to-ask-for-a-dime."

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahmemosic before."

The tramp assumed a look of amazement.

"What," he exclaimed; "never heard of Mahmemosic?"

"No; never did."

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?"

"Lincoln? Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he,"

The tramp ignored the question.

"Perhaps you've heard of Gen. Grant?"

"Can't say I ever did."

"You've certainly heard of Washington?"

"Washington? Washington?" and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name?"

"George, sir—George Washington."

"No; I never heard of him. Who was he?"

The tramp took a long look at his proposed benefactor.

"Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doin' now in great shape," and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

An Important Point.

"Oh, say, Mamie," exclaimed Maud, "you just ought to see Harry since he joined the National Guard. He looks perfectly lovely."

"He must!" rejoined Mamie, rapturously.

"I do so hope there won't be any war!"

"It would be dreadful if Harry were to get killed."

"I wasn't thinking of that. Lots of people go to war without getting killed. But he'd be just certain to spoil his clothes."—Washington Star.

A Regular Thing.

The Hostess (apologetically at luncheon)—This being Friday, Mr. Castleton, we don't have as much as on other days.

Castleton—Neither do I, as a rule.

The Hostess—Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to do so?

Castleton (going)—Oh, no. Because I'm broke.—New York Herald.

Economy.

Wool—Hicks promised to give his wife ten cents for every ten he spent for cigars.

Van Pelt—How does it work?

Wool—First rate, whenever we meet he buys me a drink and I buy him a cigar.—Truth.

An Egotist.

Miss Gussie Riverside—I don't think I would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo.

Dudely Canesucker—Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You wob me of my last hope.—Texas Siftings.

Accounted for at Last.

First Urchin—What d'ye reckon's the reason Buff'lo Bill wears his hair so long?

Second Urchin—He wants to let them Injuns of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fine Team.

Penelope—Don't you see the advantage?

Richley—No; I do not.

Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make!—Life.

A Distinction.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle.

"Yes, sir; I enjoy goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."—Washington Star.

A HORSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Eats and Sleeps Under the Roof That Shelters the President.

A horse has his home in the White House. This is a literal fact which visitors never discover and which few Washington people know. The horse which shares the Executive Mansion with the President isn't a thoroughbred. He has neither pedigree nor record. He is just a plain, every-day horse, with a white star in his forehead, a faithful companion to Edgar R. Beckley.

And who is Edgar R. Beckley? The man who, for twenty-five years, has carried to and from the White House all of the interesting and valuable mail received and sent, and who has never been found remiss in his duty, says the Globe-Democrat. There are men who seem bound to become monuments of fidelity to routine trusts. Beckley is one of them. Rain or shine, in all seasons, he makes the hourly trips between the White House and the city Post-Office. He is the White House mail-carrier. And the horse that has his home in the White House carries Beckley.

The part of the mansion set apart for the horse is one corner of the conservatory. A thin partition is all that separates the roomy stall from the orchids. There is just room enough for the stall and a temporary supply of feed, and the horse eats and sleeps under the same roof with the President of the United States.

Their Slave Was a Princess.

"An African princess was owned before the war by a family in Scott County, Va." said E. L. Dement to the corridor man at the Southern. "She lived to a great age, and never lost sight of the fact that she was of royal blood. She was the daughter of one of the most powerful kings in Africa, and had wandered away with a retinue of servants when the party was captured by a slave-trader. Her fine physique caused her to bring a high price, and she could only be trained to work by teaching the other slaves to do deference to her, which they readily did, realizing instinctively that she was born to command. A grown woman when captured, she had lived with the same family for over seventy years at the time her freedom was declared, and she continued to reside on the plantation in a cabin set apart for her eighteen or twenty years after the war closed, making her considerably over a hundred years of age. She was known almost throughout the State as the African princess, and in her later years she was a sort of queen over the negroes in the region where she lived, being waited on in her little cabin by a royal retinue of servants whenever she wanted them to do her bidding."—St. Louis Exchange.

All He Wanted.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied, with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."

"I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie, anyhow."

"No'm. I druther hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the boys hez hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey, an' some celery, an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Quite Right.

A funny incident, accompanied by a witty retort, was enjoyed the other day as the crowd was surging out of one of the Indianapolis theatres. In front of a party of gentlemen was a man with his coat collar turned up about his ears. "Why, there is B——," said one of the party. "He doesn't seem to see us; I guess I'll wake him up." At the same time, and without stopping to think, he stepped forward and hit the bundled-up individual a terrific slap on the back. The man turned around as he received the blow and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the hilarious gentleman the face of a total stranger. He hesitated a moment before the calm and inquiring gaze of the man in front, and then, stepping forward, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but, to tell the truth, I took you for another man."

"I am," was the quiet reply.

The Impossible.

The prisoner at the bar had won the favor of the Chicago Judge, and that dispenser of justice wanted to help him.

"You have restored the money you stole," he said, "and now, if I let you off, what will you do?"

"I'll lead an honest life, your Honor; indeed, I will," pleaded the prisoner.

"Where will you go?"

"I'll stay right here in Chicago, your Honor, where I was born and raised."

The Judge shook his head.

"I guess you'll find it easier at the workhouse," he said, coldly. "Six months."—Detroit Free Press.

His Advantage.

They had been classmates and roommates at a fashionable female college, and had often discussed the future, or matrimony, which is much the same thing, over a box of bonbons when they were supposed to be in bed. And now Valeria was about to become a wife and Gertrude had just been let into the secret.

"But," said Gertrude, with an air of deep disappointment, "he seems to be as far as possible from your ideal."

"Yes, that's just the point," replied Valeria, speaking as one whose mind is at rest; "he won't be constantly reminding me of it, don't you see?"

A Biblical Note.

St. Peter—There seems to be a strange bond of sympathy between Victor Hugo and Elijah.

Gabriel—No wonder. Both knew what it was to be translated.—Vogue.

It Dies Out.

Maud—Is kissing before marriage proper?

Marie—It is not so proper before marriage as after, but it is a good deal more frequent.—New Y[illegible]

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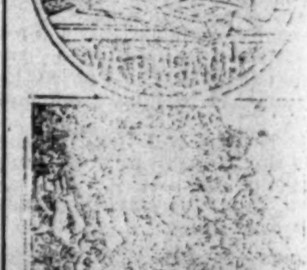
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